AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

FAMILY BUSINESS

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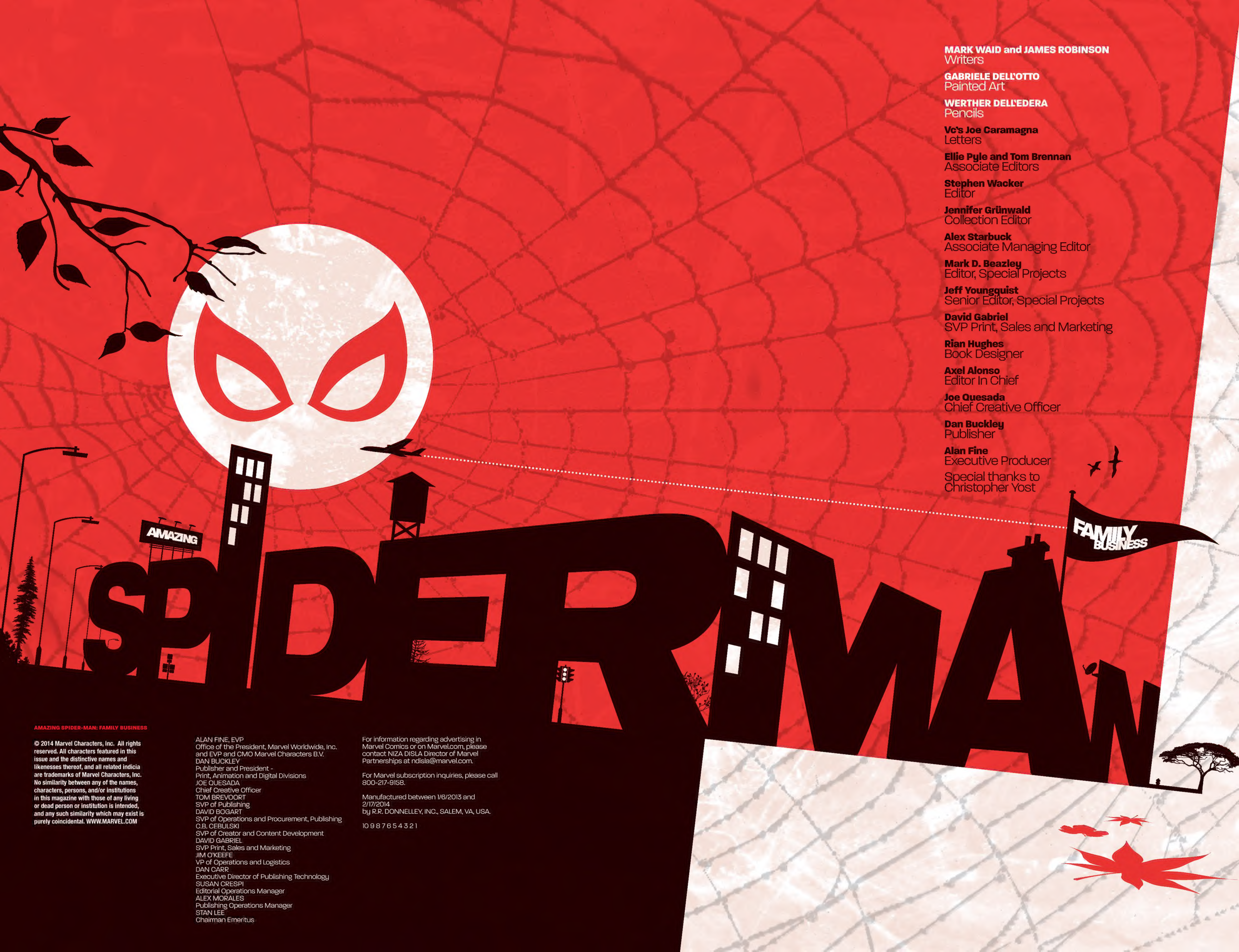

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AMAZING SPIDER-MAN: FAMILY BUSINESS

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Tell me a **Spider-Man** story.
And make it a good one.

We all know **Spidey.**

He's been part of our culture for more than half a century. He's in comic books, movies, and cartoons. Action figures, lunchboxes, and pajamas. And we all know his story....

Peter Parker—bitten by a radioactive spider—gains Great Power but learns it comes with a price: Great Responsibility.

That lesson is at the character's core and has been the fuel for every great **Spidey** story for fifty years.

So how do you keep that up and keep it fresh? How can you find a new responsibility for Pete? What will have us anxiously flipping to the next page? What's that twist no **Spidey** scribe's thought of before?

And that's where **Mark Waid** and **James Robinson** deliver. They drive this story right up to you in a super-charged sports car, fling open the door, and yell, "Jump in"—and you're off! They're taking you and **Spidey** to places he's never been... with a mysterious new character who changes everything.

Family Business gives you all the Spidey action, twists, and turns you could want—all gorgeously brought to life by **Gabriele Dell'Otto** and **Werther Dell'Edera.** This is more than a comic you'll read—it's one you'll re-read. Not just a good **Spidey** story, but a ***great*** one!

Dan Slott
December 2013

Tunisia.
THREE MONTHS AGO.
YOU. OPEN YOUR EYES.
KUH--
--KINGPIN?
NO POINT USING *TABLOID* NAMES WITHOUT AN *AUDIENCE*, MENTALLO. I'LL BE MR. FISK, AND YOU BE MR. FLUMM.

HOW... HOW DID YOU GET PAST THE ASYLUM'S GUARDS...?

THEY WORK FOR *ME*, MR. FLUMM. AND YOU DON'T KNOW IT YET, BUT--

--SO DO *YOU*.

I ADMIT I'VE FALLEN ON HARD TIMES. I BECAME TOO *COMPLACENT* AS THE HEAD OF ALL NEW YORK *CRIME*...LEFT MYSELF *VULNERABLE*.

SOME MONTHS AGO I FOUND MYSELF IN THIS PART OF THE WORLD WITH NO ORGANIZATION, NO BUSINESS, AND NO PROSPECTS.

I'M NOT COMFORTABLE ADMITTING THAT I PANICKED.

"SO I PUT A PLAN INTO MOTION.

"I STARTED THE RIGHT WHEELS *TURNING*."

I *SAW* THAT. IN YOUR MIND'S EYE...THE PICTURES WERE SO *VIVID*...

PLEASE. KEEP *TALKING*. IT TAKES ME *OUT* OF HERE.

WELL, THAT'S THE *IRONY*.

I FAKED LOSING MY *MIND* TO A BERSERKER *RAGE*.

HERE IS WHERE I ENDED *UP*. LEFT TO ROT IN THIS VERY *HOSPITAL*, THIS VERY *WARD*.

NO. *NO...!* IT *CAN'T* BE! YOU GOT *OUT*? NO ONE GETS OUT! *HOW--?*

BY NOT LOLLING ABOUT IN ***SELF-PITY***, MR. FLUMM. ONCE I WAS ***HERE***, WHERE I WAS ***UNDERESTIMATED***, CONSIDERED ***HELPLESS***, I DID WHAT I ***ALWAYS*** DO:

I OBSERVED THOSE AROUND ME. I EXPLOITED WEAKNESSES.

"I DISCOVERED THE CHIEF SURGEON HAD A STRONG TASTE FOR A ***PRESCRIPTION NARCOTIC*** OF RELIABLE ***SUPPLY***.

"SO WITH SOME...***COERCED ASSISTANCE***...

"...I MADE THAT SUPPLY ***UN***RELIABLE... CREATING A DEMAND THAT ONLY ***I*** COULD FILL."

BEFORE LONG, THE CHIEF SURGEON WAS ONLY TOO GLAD TO *RELEASE* ME...AND TO GRANT ME *ANOTHER* FAVOR:

WAREHOUSING *YOU* IN AN ATMOSPHERE THAT WOULD *NULLIFY* YOUR TELEPATHIC POWERS UNTIL I COULD PUT THEM TO *USE*.

YOU?

YOU THREW ME DOWN THIS PIT OF HELL? DROWNED ME IN ANGUISH-- PARANOID PSYCHOSES--

I FEEL THEIR SUFFERING *PLUS* MY OWN! LIKE HOT COALS ON MY *BRAIN*! YOU *PUT* ME HERE? YOU *PLANNED* THIS?

TUT, TUT. THAT'S ALL IN THE *PAST*, MR. FLUMM.

I BROUGHT YOU A *GIFT*.

YOU DON'T LIKE THE WRETCH YOU'VE *BECOME*?

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE *SOMEONE ELSE...?*

New York. TODAY.

MY NAME IS PETER PARKER, AND I'M THE WORLD'S STUPIDEST *GENIUS.*

SIR, *PLEASE!* IT'S ALMOST *MIDNIGHT*, AND I'M IN A *RUSH--*

YOU COME BACK FI' MIN'TS! FI'!

BAC 5 MIN

JUST

MARKET

ATM

THIRD MONTH IN A *ROW* I BLANKED ON PAYING CON ED *DESPITE* A POSITIVE CASH FLOW. EVEN WHEN I *HAVE* MONEY, I'M *MORONIC* WITH IT.

MY POWER GETS CUT AT THE STROKE OF *MIDNIGHT* UNLESS THE NEIGHBORHOOD *MARKET*, SENDS MY PAYMENT ELECTRONICALLY... FOR A SLIGHTLY HUGE "CONVENIENCE FEE."

ONCE UPON A TIME, I SWEAR, I COULD READ A CALENDAR. BUT THAT WAS BEFORE A RADIOACTIVE LI'L SPIDER BITE GAVE ME *POWERS* THAT ARE (AT THIS MOMENT) *USELESS.*

MOST OF 'EM ARE *STRAIGHT-FORWARD.* ENHANCED STRENGTH, AGILITY, SPEED...I CAN CLIMB *WALLS* LIKE AN ARACHNID...

...AND THEN THERE'S *SPIDER-SENSE.*

THE STRANGEST AND MOST *MYSTERIOUS* OF THESE ABILITIES.

AN INEXPLICABLE INSTINCT THAT TINGLES WHEN I'M IN *DANGER.*

FROM WHAT? AN EMPTY, IDLING *DELIVERY TRUCK?*

OH, *HO.*

NEW YORK'S NEWEST *CURRENCY: KRASH*, AMERICA'S FAVORITE *LAUNDRY DETERGENT.*

READ ABOUT THIS IN THE BUGLE. BECAUSE IT'S SO EASY TO *STEAL*--NO GROCERY CAN BE BOTHERED TO KEEP SUCH A HIGH-DEMAND ITEM UNDER LOCK AND KEY--

--ILLEGAL *WHOLESALERS* BUY IT CHEAP FROM *SHOPLIFTERS*, THEN SELL IT IN BULK TO CORNER STORES LIKE *THIS* ONE.

NONE OF WHICH EXPLAINS THE *SPIDER-SENSE* ALERT.

KLAK

AH.

THERE'S THE DANGER.

UPS, THESE GUYS *AREN'T.* AND I SUSPECT THEY WILL NOT TAKE *KINDLY* TO A SNOOP LIKE *ME* POKING AROUND THEIR *CARGO.*

THIS IS THE WEIRDEST STRING OF CAPERS SINCE THE *VULTURE* GOT HOOKED ON *LAXATIVES.*

STILL...

...CRIMES IS *CRIMES.*

C'MON. WE GOT TWELVE MORE *STOPS* BEFORE--

T-TONK

WHAT WAS *THAT?*

WHAT ARE YOU BOYS *ON? DRYER SHEETS?*

AAAAAAH!

WHOA!

STOP IN THE NAME OF MR. CLEAN!

HEY, HERE'S A TIP!

INSTEAD OF INVESTING IN ZILLION-ROUND CLIPS, HOWZABOUT LEARNING TO *AIM* A *SINGLE SHOT?*

NO ONE EVER TAKES MY ADVICE.

BLURGH!

SNIFF

"SPRING MEADOW"? I PREFER "WOODLAND PINE," I'LL HAVE YOU--

SPEEYOW

SPEEYOW SPEEYOW

SPEEYOW SPEEYOW

AGAIN WITH THE SPIDER-SENSE? THESE GUYS COULDN'T HIT THE *HULK* FROM *TWO PACES!* WHERE'S THE--

--DANGER--?

STUPID

SOAP.

TRY SOAKING *THIS* OUT, JERKS!

GOOD NEWS! LOOKS LIKE YOUR *RIDE* IS HERE!

THWIPPP

THWIPPP

NOW, WHERE ARE MY *CLOTHES*--?

UCH.

NO JOKES ABOUT *LAUNDERED CASH*, PLEASE.

AND *STILL WITH THE SPIDER-SENSE?* THERE'S *FIVE WHOLE MINUTES* BEFORE MIDNIGHT! I CAN STILL PULL OUT A *WIN*! I CAN STILL...

...MAKE MY...

...PAYMENT...

SORRY, KID.

THIS IS A CRIME SCENE.

BUT--

MOVE ALONG.

--BUT--

--BUT--

--BUT--

SIGH.

AND *AGAIN* WITH THE *SPIDER-SENSE?* WHAT *NOW?* I KNOW IT'S NOT AN *ELECTRICAL FIRE...!*

WHERE'D I PUT THAT *FLASHLIGHT...?*

AAH!

ON THE FLOOR! NOW!

STUPID *FLOODLIGHT!* IF IT WERE STILL *DARK*, I'D TAKE THESE GUYS *OUT*, BUT IF THEY DON'T KNOW I'M *SPIDEY*--

WAIT, OF *COURSE* THEY KNOW. RIGHT? WHY ELSE WOULD *ARMED GUNMEN* STORM *PETER PARKER'S* APARTMENT?

TARGET IS *SECURED*. HE'S *ALONE*. NO SIGN OF *SPIDER-MAN*. OR ANY OTHER LOCAL HERO.

WELL, I GUESS I'M GONNA FIND *OUT*. DON'T HAVE TO TIP MY SECRET *YET*. I CAN ALWAYS CRACK SKULLS *LATER*.

THIS ISN'T ABOUT THE *CABLE* BILL, IS IT?

GAG HIM.

EVERYONE'S A CRITIC.

WAIT. IS THAT A *TOW ROPE?*

OKAY--

--MAYBE I SHOULD START TAKING THIS A LITTLE MORE *SERIOUSLY.*

WHKSSH

THE *ROPE* BROKE! HE'S *FALLING--!*

WRONG. I'M FLYING TO *SAFETY.*

NO, WAIT. THAT'S *IRON MAN.*

BUT WHAT THE *GOON SQUAD* DOESN'T SEEM TO KNOW IS THAT I'M STILL WEARING *WEB-SHOOTERS--*

--AND IN THIS DARKNESS, THEY WON'T SEE ME FIRE OFF A *LINE.*

IF I CAN MAKE THE *ALLEYWAY*, THEY'LL JUST THINK I LUCKED INTO A *DUMPSTER* OR--

--BOUNCED OFF A *WINDSHIELD--?*

HEY! YOU! LOOK OUT--!

HNNGH!

YOU!

HANG ON! WE'RE GETTING YOU OUT OF HERE!

?

ARE YOU HURT?

SKREEEE

NOT YET, YOU MANIAC! SLOW DOWN!

UH-OH. I MEAN, SPEED UP!

RELAX AND BUCKLE YOUR SEAT BELT, PETER. I'LL SHAKE 'EM.

PANG! PANG! PANG!

NOT UNLESS THERE'S A *JET ENGINE* UNDER THE HOOD OF THIS THING!

YOU *KNOW* ME?

I'VE SEEN PICTURES.

WHO *ARE* YOU?

MY NAME...

...IS *TERESA PARKER.*

I'M YOUR *SISTER.*

CHAMELEON
SMYTHE
SKRULL
MESMERO
CHANGELING
MYSTIQUE?

NO. IT'S NOT A *VILLAIN* DRIVING. THIS ISN'T PART OF THE *SNEAK ATTACK*-- MY SPIDER-SENSE WOULD BE *SHRIEKING!* BUT--

SINCE WHEN DO I HAVE A SISTER?

I'M AN ONLY CHILD!

YOU *WILL* BE IF I DON'T *TIME* THIS RIGHT...

OKAY, I'VE LOST THE *COPTER,* BUT ONLY FOR A *MOMENT.* ON THREE, *JUMP!*

ONETWO*THREE!*

YOU CAN'T JUST LEAVE THE *SCENE*--

IT BUYS US *PRECIOUS SECONDS!*

TAXI!

WHAT? I'M NOT GETTING ON A *PLANE* WITH *YOU!*
WHAT'S YOUR *ALTERNATIVE?* GOING BACK TO YOUR APARTMENT WITH *PERMANENT AIR CONDITIONING?*
NO, JUMPING A *PURSUIT COPTER* AS *SPIDER-MAN* AND FINDING OUT WHO--
WE'RE *BOTH* IN DANGER NOW.
--
--OR PROTECTING A STRANGER WHO SEEMS NO THREAT TO ME.
NO CHOICE, REALLY.

...

WHAT?

YOU HAVE DAD'S EYES.

STOP WITH THIS! I DO NOT HAVE A SISTER!

"MY PARENTS DIED WHEN I WAS SMALL. I BARELY REMEMBER THEM...

"...BUT THEY LEFT ME WITH DAD'S BROTHER BEN AND HIS WIFE, MAY. AND NO ONE EVER MENTIONED SIBLINGS. EVER."

"PETER, DID YOU KNOW RICHARD AND MARY PARKER WERE FIELD AGENTS WITH THE C.I.A.?"

"YES."

"WELL, I DIDN'T."

NOT UNTIL LAST WEEK DID I KNOW THE NAME "PARKER" AT ALL.

JUST THAT I GREW UP ADOPTED...

...AND THAT THESE WERE MY BIRTH PARENTS.

NO. NO *WAY.*

MY FOLKS. IN A MATERNITY WARD? I *KNOW* PHOTOGRAPHY. THIS ISN'T DOCTORED OR FAKED. BUT...NO *WAY.*

WHY WOULD THEY KEEP YOU A *SECRET?*

HOW OLD WERE *YOU* BEFORE YOU EVEN KNEW THEY WERE *SPIES?*

I...

POINT. BUT YOU ARE EXPLAINING *VERY LITTLE* TO SOMEONE CLAIMING TO BE A *BLOOD RELATIVE.*

THAT IS BECAUSE WE ARE SHORT ON *TIME.* I WILL COVER THE REST ON THE WAY TO *MONACO.*

I HOPE YOU MEAN MONACO, *INDIANA,* BECAUSE MY *PASSPORT* IS BACK AT THE--

I HAD A *DUPLICATE* MADE.

HOW DID YOU--?

LISTEN TO ME!

I'M IN THE *FAMILY BUSINESS.*

THERE ARE SOME *VERY BAD PEOPLE* OUT FOR THE *SON* AND *DAUGHTER* OF *RICHARD AND MARY PARKER,* AND THEY WILL *TAKE* US AND THEN *KILL* US UNLESS WE *ACT.*

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW THIS SECOND IS THAT YOU ARE MY *RESPONSIBILITY,* AND PROTECTING YOU IS WITHIN MY *POWER.*

SIGH.

HER *CREDENTIALS* BYPASS THE T.S.A. AND TAKE US STRAIGHT TO A *PRIVATE JET*. SHE PLANS *AHEAD*, WHOEVER SHE IS.

I WISH SHE *CALLED* AHEAD.

CHAMPAGNE, SIR?

I'M...FINE, THANKS.

I'M JUST USED TO SITTING BETWEEN *KING KONG* AND A *TEETHING BABY*.

RELAX, PETER. AND DON'T MOPE ABOUT YOUR PLACE. I MADE SOME CALLS, MY OFFICE HAS ALREADY DISPATCHED A *REPAIR CREW*.

YOU WON'T HAVE LOST ANYTHING IMPORTANT.

THIS IS INSANE. AND I'VE GONE THROUGH MY FAIR SHARE OF INSANITY.

THERE IS SIMPLY NO WAY THIS LADY IS A *BLOOD RELATIVE*.

CAN YOU AT LEAST EXPLAIN WHO'S *GUNNING* FOR ME? FOR US?

NOT *COGENTLY*, NOT HAVING BEEN *AWAKE* FOR 72 HOURS. GIVE ME TEN MINUTES.

THERE'S NO... THERE'S...

I HAVE TO ADMIT, THERE'S A *RESEMBLANCE*.

YOU LOOK LIKE HIM. LIKE *RICHARD*.

YOU LOOK LIKE MY *FATHER*.

THE ONE WHO *ABANDONED* US TO GO *SPYING*...

CAVIAR, SIR?

ZZzZZzZ

INSANE.

TERESA REALLY WAS WRECKED. TEN MINUTES TURNS INTO SIX *HOURS* AS WE APPROACH WHAT THE ATTENDANT TELLS ME IS *MONTE CARLO.*

I DON'T SLEEP, BECAUSE THERE'S A *NEW QUESTION* RATTLING AROUND IN MY BRAIN.

WHENEVER SHE MENTIONED OUR--

--MY! *MY* PARENTS!--

--YOU COULD HEAR THE *ANGER* IN HER VOICE.

IF THERE'S ANYTHING TO HER STORY--WHICH THERE'S *NOT*--THE ANGER WOULD MAKE *SENSE*, I SUPPOSE.

I'M TOLD A *LOT* OF KIDS WHO LOSE THEIR PARENTS YOUNG HANDLE THE LOSS BY TURNING IT INTO *RESENTMENT* AT BEING *LEFT BEHIND.*

SO WHY DIDN'T *I?*

I'D LIKE TO BELIEVE I MADE MY PEACE WITH MY PARENTS' EXIT *FOREVER* AGO, *THAT'S* WHY.

BUT NOW TERESA HAS ME WONDERING. WAS I THAT *WELL-ADJUSTED* AS A TODDLER...

...OR DO I HAVE THAT *SAME* ANGER AND HAVE JUST *BURIED* IT ALL THESE YEARS...?

HOTEL *METROPOLE*, S'IL VOUS PLAIT.

HOW EXACTLY *DO* I FEEL ABOUT RICHARD AND MARY PARKER...?

♫

CLOSE YOUR MOUTH.

YOU'LL CATCH FLIES.

I HOPE THIS IS ON YOUR PLATINUM CARD, BECAUSE MY LIFE SAVINGS WOULDN'T PAY FOR *TWELVE SECONDS* AT THIS PLACE.

ALREADY HANDLED. ADJOINING ROOMS.

WE HAVE AN *APPOINTMENT* IN AN HOUR. YOU'LL HAVE EVERYTHING YOU NEED WAITING FOR YOU. BE READY.

FOR WHAT?

YOUR *TUXEDO* FITTING, *MONSIEUR.*

DOES THE GENTLEMAN DRESS *LEFT* OR *RIGHT?*

HE DRESSES *ALONE! UN MOMENTO, POR FAVOR!*

...GIMME A SECOND, *GIMME* A SECOND...!

I COULD HAVE ***SWORN*** THAT I TOLD YOU, AUNT MAY!

YES, MA'AM. A ***SCIENCE*** CONFERENCE. SOUTH OF FRANCE.

WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT PARTY ANIMALS ***SCIENTISTS*** ARE. I'LL BRING YOU A ***T-SHIRT.***

I ***HATE*** LYING TO AUNT MAY. BUT SHE MIGHT SHED SOME ***LIGHT.***

HEY, LISTEN... ODD QUERY, I KNOW...BUT DID MY MOM AND DAD EVER TALK ABOUT, OH, I DON'T KNOW...

...MAYBE WANTING TO HAVE ANOTHER KID?

...

PETER PARKER, WHAT ON EARTH BROUGHT THAT ON?

I...HAD A DREAM? ABOUT...HAVING A SISTER?

SOMETIMES YOU ARE A PUZZLING YOUNG MAN.

WELL?

*AS A MATTER OF FACT, RICHARD AND MARY **BOTH** WANTED TWO CHILDREN, ONE OF EACH.*

*BUT DON'T YOU DARE FOR ONE SECOND WORRY THAT YOU WEREN'T **ENOUGH** FOR THEM, YOU HEAR ME?*

THANKS, AUNT MAY. GO BACK TO GETTING ***BEAUTIFUL.***

I HEAR ***CHANNING TATUM'S*** SINGLE THESE DAYS, YOU KNOW.

LOVE YOU.

KNOCK KNOCK

LET'S GO, SPORT.

I'D ASK "WHERE" AGAIN, BUT IT'S COME TO SEEM POINTLESS.

WE LEARN BY ***DOING.*** DÉPÊCHEZ.

DESPITE THE SPECTACULAR SCENERY, I'M STARTING TO TIRE OF PLAYING *ALONG* NOW THAT THE *DANGER* SEEMS TO BE OVER.

I ALMOST *TELL* THIS WOMAN AS MUCH, BUT WHEN SHE TAKES ME TO THE *MONTE CARLO CASINO*, I BECOME AMUSED IMAGINING WHAT HER EXPRESSION'S GOING TO BE...

...WHEN SHE WITNESSES THE FAMED *PARKER LUCK* IN *ACTION*.

WHO *LIVES* LIKE THIS?

I TOLD OUR CONTACT NOTHING ABOUT HAVING A *PLUS-ONE* IN TOW. HE MIGHT *OVERLOOK* ME IF HE THINKS WE'RE A *COUPLE*. HERE--

--BUSY YOURSELF, BUT STAY IN *SIGHT*. AND *BLEND IN*.

CAN DO.

22 BLACK.

THEN I RESCIND MY BET.

THIS IS *BACCARAT*, SIR.

MR. PARKER? WOULD YOU CARE TO COME WITH US?

I DON'T NEED SPIDER-SENSE TO WARN ME THIS MAN IS NOT THE CONTACT TERESA SPOKE OF.

THE GUN IN MY BACK IS CLUE ENOUGH.

AND UNFORTUNATELY FOR THIS GUY--

--I HAVE FINALLY LOST PATIENCE WITH THE PLAY-ALONG APPROACH.

M'SIEUR--!

HE SAID "US," MEANING HE HAS BACKUP--

--SO I NEED A DISTRACTION.

WHAT'S ALL *THAT* NOISE...?

EVERYONE'S ATTENTION SOMEPLACE ELSE.

NOT *EVERYONE.*

THWIPP

SPIDER-MAN?

OUI.

ZE PARKAIRS--

--ZEY ARE UNDAIR MY PROTECTI-OWN!

OH, MAN, I SURE HOPE THAT ACCENT FOOLS *SOMEBODY.*

PETER!

PETER, WHERE ARE YOU?

GUESS SO.

NOT *EVERYONE'S* WIGGED OUT. *TRENCHCOAT* HERE IS UNNATURALLY CALM, FOR INSTANCE.

I SURE HOPE IT'S *NICK FURY* ASKING ME TO JOIN THE *AVENGERS*, 'CAUSE IF *NOT*--

--THIS IS GONNA GET *UGLY.*

BECAUSE I *RECOGNIZE* THAT HUMAN WHIRLWIND.

HE'S A *SUPER-POWERED MERCENARY*--

--NAMED CYCLONE!

FORGET THE *GUNMEN.*

NOW SOMEONE'S SENDING *COSTUMES* AFTER THE PARKERS!

HEY, CYCLONE, WHERE ARE YOUR MANNERS?

YOUR FOLKS NEVER TEACH YOU NOT TO BREAK WIND IN A CROWDED ROOM?

NO ONE MENTIONED *SPIDER-MAN...*

STAY *OUT* OF THIS, WALL-CRAWLER... FOR *YOUR* SAKE!

OH, GOD, YOU SOCIOPATH, NOT INDOORS...!

WEBBING'S NOT HEAVY ENOUGH TO GET *THROUGH* TO HIM.

BUT IN A CASINO WHERE SOFT, SQUISHY PEOPLE AND BIG, HARD OBJECTS ARE GETTING BLOWN AROUND...

...THAT DOESN'T MEAN IT'S NOT *USEFUL*.

THERE. EVERYONE'S AT LEAST PINNED OUT OF THE *WAY* NOW.

THERE! BE GOOD BOYS AND GIRLS AND DON'T UNWRAP 'TIL CHRISTMAS!

PETER? PETER, WHERE ARE YOU?

OH, *GREAT.*

SHE'S LIABLE TO PUT TWO AND TWO *TOGETHER* IF I DON'T *HUSTLE.*

DON'T GET DISTRACTED. FOCUS. ***CONCENTRATE*** ON WHAT YOUR SPIDER-SENSE IS ***TELLING*** YOU.

DANGER ALL ***AROUND...***

...BUT IF I PAY ***ATTENTION...***

...TO ITS ***EBBS*** AND ***FLOWS...***

...IT'LL GUIDE ME THROUGH THE ***SAFEST PATH!***

SAME GETUP, DIFFERENT MAN THAN THE CYCLONE I FOUGHT BEFORE. PIERRE FREESON--FRESSON--SOMETHING LIKE THAT.

HE'S NOT A MUTANT. HE HAS NO ***NATURAL POWERS.*** IT'S ALL IN THE ***SUIT,*** AND THAT IT'S BEEN ***IMPROVED*** IS THE KEY TO HIS ***DEFEAT.***

IMPROVED = MORE WIND POWER = MORE COMPLEX INTERNAL PROCESSORS...

...WHICH MAKES THE COOLING UNIT ***VITAL.***

AND I'M BETTING THAT THING ON THE BACK OF HIS NECK IS ***IT.***

I'LL BLOW YOU INTO THE GROUND, YOU LITTLE--

GHAAAAA!

KZZKKITT

HEAT-INDUCED *OVERLOAD.*

THAT WORKED *TOO* WELL. HE'S ALIVE...

WHO SENT YOU? GIVE ME A NAME!

...BUT OUT *COLD.*

*NON, CHERIE, JE SUIS HOMME DE **ARACHNE. FRENCH** SPIDER-MAN, OUI? WE ARE, HOW YOU SAY, A **FRANCHISE...?***

*INTERNATIONAL! VIVA LE **SPIDER-HOOD!***

SPIDER-MAN! FUNNY HOW *YOU'RE* SO FAR FROM HOME...

YOU'RE SMART. *COVER.*

OH, MAN, I HOPE I SOLD THAT.

ONE *QUICK CHANGE* AND WE'LL FIND *OUT.*

TERESA! OVER HERE! YOU *OKAY?*

SEEMS WE *BOTH* ARE. THANKS TO *SPIDER-MAN.*

SPIDER-MAN? YOU MEAN *HE* WAS *HERE?*

GOLLY.

INDEED. NOW, FOLLOW ME TO THE *CAR.*

WE'RE NOT HERE TO MEET A MYSTERIOUS MAN IN A *FEZ* OVER *DRINKS?*

I CAME TO GET A VERY PRIVATE *ADDRESS* FROM A FRIENDLY *COUNTERSPY.* ACCOMPLISHED. CASH *IN...*

"...AND LET'S HIT THE ROAD."

AND DOES HE HAVE A NAME, THIS CONTACT?

OF COURSE HE DOES, PETER, YOU CAN BOTH INTRODUCE YOURSELVES WHEN YOU MEET.

PETER--?

SKREEEEEE

HANDS OFF THE WHEEL--!

NO, TERESA. NUH-UH.

THIS CLOAK AND DAGGER, MYSTERY THING YOU DO--ALL HALF-ANSWERS AND COY SMILES--IT WAS *CUTE* FOR A WHILE.

BUT "HEY, I'M YOUR SISTER, COME FLY WITH ME AND BE JASON BOURNE" ISN'T *CUTTING IT* ANYMORE.

I NEED *ANSWERS* AND WE'LL SIT HERE LIKE IDIOTS IDLING IN THE ROAD UNTIL I *GET* THEM.

PETER, FOR GOD'S SAKE. TAKE YOUR FOOT OFF THE BRAKE, WE HAVE TO--

MY, ISN'T THE VIEW AT NIGHT LOVELY?

ALL THOSE TWINKLING LIGHTS, I COULD STAY HERE LOOKING AT THEM *FOREVER.*

FINE.

I'D BEEN LOOKING FOR MY BIRTH PARENTS FOR MOST MY LIFE.

MY BIRTH RECORDS ARE GONE. THEY DO NOT ***EXIST***, APPARENTLY.

EVEN WITH MY JOB--MY CLEARANCE RATING AND THE DOOR TO INFORMATION IT OPENS FOR ME, I COULDN'T FIND EVEN A WHISPER OF A CLUE AS TO WHO I REALLY AM.

MY ONGOING MYSTERY.

"THAT SOLVED ITSELF SUDDENLY LAST WEEK WHEN MY AGENCY GOT WORD OF A ***MASSIVE CRIMINAL ENTERPRISE*** TAKING SHAPE IN EUROPE AND NORTH AFRICA WITH ***YOU--PETER PARKER***--SOMEHOW VITAL TO ALL OF IT GOING DOWN.

"'THE SON OF RICHARD PARKER.' THAT'S HOW YOU WERE IDENTIFIED, LIKE THAT ASPECT OF WHO YOU ARE IS IMPORTANT.

"I LOOKED INTO YOUR BACKGROUND TO FIND THAT YOU'RE THE SON OF THE LEGENDARY PARKERS--HUSBAND AND WIFE SECRET AGENT SUPERSTARS--SO I DUG INTO THEIR FILE TO SEE IF IT CAN TELL ME WHY YOU'RE SO ***SPECIAL*** ALL OF A SUDDEN.

"AND GUESS WHAT I FOUND."

CONCLUSIVE RECORDS OF MY ***BIRTH***, MY ***PARENTS***, AND HOW I WAS ORPHANED TO ***FOSTER CARE*** SHORTLY AFTER MY ***BIRTH***.

HOLD ON, THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE. WHY WERE YOU GIVEN UP LIKE THAT? I GREW UP WITH MY--WITH ***OUR*** AUNT AND UNCLE. WHY SEPARATE US?

MAYBE WE'LL FIND ***OUT***.

IF YOU TAKE YOUR FOOT OFF THE ***BRAKE***.

WELCOME, MY CHILDREN, WELCOME.

I AM *CHIGARU--*
EMILE CHIGARU
IN FULL, AND FOR MANY YEARS I WAS YOUR PARENTS' MISSION CONTROLLER. IT'S AN HONOR TO MEET YOU BOTH, OF COURSE.

AND WE, YOU, SIR. ABSOLUTELY. WE NEED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT--

WHY PETER HERE IS A *HUNTED MAN?* WHAT ASPECT OF THE PAST--THAT BEING HIS CONNECTION TO HIS DEAD FATHER--IS SO *IMPORTANT* IN THE *HERE* AND *NOW?*

AND I IMAGINE YOU WOULDN'T MIND KNOWING WHO IS ULTIMATELY BEHIND ALL THIS TOO.

WELL-- ER-- *YES.*

HERE, HAVE SOME TEA.

SINCE YOU CONTACTED ME--SINCE I WAS ALERTED TO YOUR SITUATION--I HAVE MADE SOME ENQUIRIES AND GLEANED SOME FACTS.

I CAN'T TELL YOU EVERYTHING, BUT I CAN PERHAPS SET YOU ON THE PATH TO ENLIGHTENMENT.

IT BEGINS WITH YOUR PARENTS, MY FRIENDS RICHARD AND MARY.

WHAT KIND OF PEOPLE WERE THEY? I KNOW SO LITTLE.

AND I KNOW EVEN LESS.

THEY WERE GOOD AGENTS APART AND GREAT AGENTS TOGETHER. IN FACT...

"...DO YOU KNOW THEY SAVED THE WORLD ON TWO OR THREE SEPARATE OCCASIONS?"

THEY WERE MADLY IN LOVE, OF COURSE.

UNBEARABLY COURAGEOUS, THOUGH YOUR FATHER HAD AN ODD HABIT--WHEN HE WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF ACTION AND DANGER--HE'D MAKE JOKES AND WISECRACKS.

CAN YOU IMAGINE?

THEY WERE WONDERFUL PEOPLE, AND I MISS THEM EVERY DAY.

"AT ANY RATE, REGARDING THE EVENTS OF NOW...IN THE COURSE OF SAVING THE WORLD ON ONE OF THESE OCCASIONS, THIS TIME INVOLVING ZEMO OR STRUCKER--ONE OF THOSE MADMEN FOREVER TRYING TO SEIZE THE WORLD--

"--YOUR PARENTS DEFEATED A FASCIST HORDE DETERMINED TO GET NAZI GOLD...JUST SHY OF A BILLION DOLLARS...GUARDED BY A SLEEPER BURIED UNDERGROUND IN THE SANDS OUTSIDE OF CAIRO."

A "SLEEPER"?

THE SLEEPERS WERE... WELL...

"...ROBOTS, BASICALLY. A PROBLEM FOR CAPTAIN AMERICA, USUALLY. MECHANICAL HORRORS SOMEWHAT AKIN TO MODERN-DAY SENTINELS BUT WITH VASTLY SIMPLISTIC AND MORE DESTRUCTIVE PROGRAMMING.

"DESTROY THIS OR THAT. OR IN THIS CASE, PROTECT THE GOLD AND DESTROY ALL AND EVERYTHING AROUND IT SHOULD ANYONE ATTEMPT TO TAKE IT."

WHICH IS TANGENTIALLY WHERE THIS PERTAINS TO YOU, PETER.

IN SEALING THE SLEEPER SO IT COULDN'T ARISE AND HURT ANYONE, YOUR FATHER DID IT IN SUCH A WAY THAT ONLY HIS DNA COULD OPEN THE "TOMB" IF IT WAS UNCOVERED IN THE FUTURE--

WE PLACED A BIOMETRIC *LOCK*-- QUITE ADVANCED IN THE DAY--TO KEEP THE SLEEPER QUIET.

AND THAT...IS WHY PETER HERE IS SO IMPORTANT. ONLY ***PETER*** CAN ***UNLOCK*** IT WITHOUT TRIGGERING A FIVE-MEGATON ***BOOBY TRAP.***

WITH DNA? WHY DIDN'T THEY JUST TAKE IT FROM OUR ***TOOTH-BRUSHES--?***

DNA, VOICE RECOGNITION, FACIAL RECOGNITION AND MORE. ESSENTIALLY, IT WAS PROGRAMMED TO RECOGNIZE ONLY ***RICHARD.***

WITH MODERN TECHNOLOGY, THE LOCK ***CAN*** BE FOOLED-- BUT NOT WITHOUT PETER'S NATURAL RESEMBLANCE DOING MUCH OF THE WORK.

CAIRO, HUH?

SANDS OUTSIDE OF.

THAT'S ALL I'VE UNCOVERED--I'LL KEEP DIGGING TO FIND WHOEVER'S BEHIND ALL THIS. BUT IF YOU WANT TO KNOW MORE YOURSELVES--

NO, HOLD ON, THAT MAY BE ALL THERE IS TO THIS, BUT YOU STILL KNEW OUR PARENTS. WE HAVE A LOT OF QUESTIONS--ME-- WHY WAS I PUT UP FOR ADOPTION?

YEAH, WHY WERE WE SEPARATED? ME KNOWING I HAD A SISTER WOULD HAVE CHANGED MY WHOLE LIFE.

IF I MAY BE HONEST, PETER, I DIDN'T KNOW YOU HAD A SISTER UNTIL LAST WEEK, SO THE WHY OF ALL THIS IS AS MUCH A MYSTERY TO ME AS ANYONE.

OF COURSE, THERE MAY BE FURTHER ANSWERS TO BE FOUND AT YOUR PARENTS' SAFE HOUSE?

WAIT! WHAT?

IT'S STILL THERE, DIDN'T YOU KNOW? I WAS INSTRUCTED BY THE PAIR OF THEM TO KEEP IT INTACT AND SEALED.

I'LL WRITE DOWN THE ADDRESS.

HMM.

Cairo.

CAN I GO NOW?

MR. FISK?

MR. FISK, I'VE DONE ALL YOU ASKED OF ME, AND MY HEAD WON'T STOP HURTING, SO I REPEAT...

...MAY I PLEASE GO?

I HAVE ALWAYS PRIDED MYSELF ON NEVER PUNISHING A WELL-THOUGHT OUT, HONEST QUESTION, MR. FRUMM.

THAT IS NOT ONE.

BE THANKFUL I STILL NEED YOUR HEAD ATTACHED TO YOUR *SPINE.*

SO THAT'S A NO?

FOR A MAN WHO CALLS HIMSELF "MENTALLO," IMPLYING SOME DEGREE OF *INTELLIGENCE*, YOU'RE ASTOUNDING.

TERESA. REMEMBER? TERESA.

AND HERE YOU ARE, SIPPING A COLD BEVERAGE ON A BALMY DAY. LATER, YOU'LL BE WINED, DINED AND PLEASURED. AT NO TIME WOULD I HAVE TAKEN YOU FOR A MAN WHO DISDAINED GIFT HORSES.

THE DRAMA UNFOLDS STILL, BUT IT HAS YET TO REACH ITS FINAL ACT.

AND UNTIL THEN, YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYWHERE.

KNOCK KNOCK

MR. FISK?

YES?

YOU WISHED TO BE ALERTED. THE PARKERS-- THEY'RE ON THE MOVE AGAIN.

YOU HEAR THAT, FRUMM? YOU'RE STILL *ON DECK.*

Switzerland.

YOU GOT THE ACCESS KEY? YEAH? THE CARD?

THIS? NO, I LEFT IT AT THE SKI LODGE, WHAT DO YOU THINK?

THEN BE QUICK. ON MY MARK--OPEN THE DOOR, WE GET INSIDE, THEN CLOSE IT UP TIGHT AGAIN SPEEDY QUICK.

SEE, I WAS THINKING WE'D WANT TO AIR THE JOINT OUT. WHAT'S WITH THE *SPEED?*

THE *OLFACTORY*, PETER. IT'S THE SENSE MOST TIED TO *MEMORY.*

THIS DOOR HASN'T BEEN OPENED IN YEARS. YES, IT'S PROBABLY MUSTY IN THERE...

...BUT ISN'T THAT A GOOD THING?

I'LL BE FAST.

WOW.

THE PARKER ENCLAVE.

LOOK, THERE ARE BOOKS-- DIARIES. ALBUMS FROM WHEN THEY WERE YOUNG.

PICTURES OF YOU.

UNBELIEVABLE.

NONE OF *YOU*, THOUGH.

OH, I HADN'T EXPECTED.

BUT SHE'D *HOPED*. I KIND OF HAD, TOO.

HEY... I OWE YOU.

DON'T--

NOT FOR THE NOSTALGIA. FOR PROVING THAT THERE *ISN'T* ANY.

I WAS WORRIED EARLIER THAT THIS WAS GOING TO DIG UP SOME AGE-OLD RESENTMENTS ON MY PART, BUT...NADA. NOTHING.

MAY AND BEN WERE MY FAMILY, AND THEY WERE AWESOME. I'M SURE THESE TWO WERE GREAT, BUT I'M NOT ANGRY AT THEM FOR PUTTING CAREER BEFORE FAMILY. I BARELY REMEMBER THEM.

THERE'S PERFUME LINGERING. YOU THINK IT WAS MOM'S?

I THINK IT MATTERS MORE TO YOU THAN TO ME...

...SIS.

HEY...

...SPEAKING OF CAREER, WE'RE HERE FOR A REASON. AND AS A SCIENCE GEEK, I AM *DYING* TO ROOT AROUND IN *THAT* OLD STUFF.

HOPEFULLY SOMETHING HERE WILL HELP US BETTER UNDERSTAND WHAT HAPPENED WITH THE SLEEPER AND CAIRO.

BZZZ

"CAIRO." PROTOCOL 2784.34. REF: REICH'S HOPE.

WHOA!

LIKE FATHER, LIKE *SON*. IT THINKS YOU'RE *DAD*.

SO WHAT DO I--?

LEAN *INTO* IT.

REICH'S HOPE--TELL ME WHAT--

NO, DON'T TELL--

--SHOW ME!

REICH'S HOPE. HOLOGRAPHIC RE-CREATION UPLOADED FOR VIEWING, AGENT PARKER.

JACKPOT. LITERALLY, A *MAP!* WHERE EXACTLY THE *SLEEPER* LIES, HOW TO GAIN *ACCESS*...

...LOOKS LIKE WE'RE FINALLY TWO STEPS AHEAD OF WHOEVER'S *AFTER* US.

WE DID IT, PETER. TOGETHER. IT'S WONDERFUL--

I SUPPOSE WE'RE DONE HERE.

RELAX. WE CAN SPARE A MINUTE OR--

WRONG AGAIN.

SPIDER-SENSES, GOING CRAZY. ZERO TO *LIGHT SPEED* IN NO TIME.

DANGER.

FAST.

DEADLY.

COMING--

TERESA!

PETER.

YOU...

YEAH.

I KNEW IT.

DON'T BE A *SHOW-OFF.* RIGHT NOW, LET'S CONCENTRATE ON STAYING ALIVE.

LET ME PULL YOU UP.

TERESA, *BOTH HANDS--!*

JUST A *SECOND--!*

WHEW. CAUGHT IT.

TERESA! I ALMOST DROPPED YOU, WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?

LOOKING OUT FOR MY BROTHER.

THIS ONE'S *YOURS.*

ALSO? YOU DON'T SPEAK ONE WORD OF FRENCH, DO YOU...?

SO THE FLIGHT TO EGYPT IS ANYTHING BUT BORING. TERESA HAS A MILLION QUESTIONS.

BUT ALSO A CHANGE OF CLOTHES.

THANK YOU FOR LOSING THE COSTUME.

WHAT WAS *LEFT* OF IT SMELLED LIKE A BARBECUE GONE HORRIBLY WRONG.

NOT MUCH POINT IN HANGING ON, BUT THAT LEAVES SPIDEY *OUT* OF THE REST OF THIS MISSION.

NOT NECESSARILY.

I HAD MY PEOPLE WHIP UP A LITTLE SOMETHING. THEY DIDN'T ASK WHY OR FOR WHO AND I DIDN'T SAY.

WE HAD TO MAKE DO WITH MATERIALS AT HAND, AND I GUESSED AT THE SIZE, BUT...

...YOU'RE BACK IN BLACK.

COOL.

WE DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS. NOW THAT WE'VE SOLVED THE MYSTERY, YOU CAN GO BACK HOME.

WHAT? AND GIVE UP SHOW BUSINESS?

I'M SERIOUS.

LOOK, WHOEVER'S BEEN TRYING TO MANEUVER ME *INTO* THIS ISN'T GONNA LET UP. WE GO TO THE VAULT, THEY *WILL* REVEAL THEMSELVES.

DID THEY TEACH YOU *NOTHING* AT SPY SCHOOL?

THIS WAS THE SPOT ON THE MAP.

NOT MUCH LEFT.

WHY DON'T YOU GET DRESSED FOR WORK? USE YOUR SPIDER E.S.P. OR SOMETHING?

NAH, IT DOESN'T WORK LIKE THAT. BESIDES, WE DON'T NEED IT.

I'VE BEEN DOING THIS A LONG TIME...

...AND I KNOW THERE'S ALWAYS MORE TO FIND, MAYBE...

...IF WE POKE *AROUND*.

SPIDER-SENSE *BUZZING* A BIT. YOU GET THE *LOCKPICKS* READY, JUST IN CASE...

GOING DOWN...

...BECAUSE THIS MUST BE THE *PLACE.*

YOU KNOW THE NAZIS AND THEIR *PRIORITIES:* (1) INVASION, (2) GENOCIDE, AND (3) *THEATRICAL EFFECT.*

YOUR SUIT'S INTERWOVEN WITH THE ELECTRONICS THAT'LL DO HALF THE WORK OF BLUFFING THE SENSORS ENOUGH FOR YOU TO FAKE BEING DAD.

THE REST IS UP TO *PETER PARKER,* A.K.A....

SPIDER-MAN?

THAT *VOICE.*

OH, GOD, I KNOW *THAT VOICE--!*

AND THERE I'VE GIVEN US *AWAY*. TCH, TCH.

I WAS JUST SO *SHOCKED*.

KINGPIN.

HOW COULD I HAVE BEEN *BLIND* ALL THESE YEARS WHEN IT WAS STARING ME IN THE *FACE*?

SPIDER-MAN AND *PETER PARKER*--ONE AND THE *SAME!*

THIS CHANGES *EVERYTHING*.

I THOUGHT YOU WERE *DEAD.*

AND I THOUGHT *YOU* WERE A SKILLED *JOURNALIST.*

YOU MAY RELAX NOW, MENTALLO.

NO NEED NOW FOR A *PSYCHIC CLOAK.* LET MR. PARKER SEE EVERY *GUN,* EVERY *SOLDIER.*

INVISIBLE. BLOCKED FROM OUR *PERCEPTION* BY A *TELEPATH.* THAT'S HOW THEY ESCAPED MY *SPIDER-SENSE.*

THEY HAVE THE POWER OF...

...OF *ILLUSION...*

DON'T LET ME *INTERRUPT.* CONTINUE. OPEN THE *VAULT,* MR. PARKER... OR WE KILL YOUR *SISTER.*

BUT SHE'S NOT MY SISTER, KINGPIN.

IS SHE?

PETER...?

OH, HOW I HAVE MISSED YOUR *CLEVER MIND*. YOU HAVE ME *THERE*.

DESPITE THE AUGMENTER I GAVE HIM, IT'S NOT LIKELY MR. FRUMM CAN MAINTAIN THE *PERCEPTION FILTER* NOW THAT YOU'VE *GUESSED*. TAKE A *LOOK* AT HER, PARKER.

A *GOOD* LOOK.

PETER, WHAT'S HAPPENING...?

WHAT DO YOU SEE *NOW?*

RESERVE YOUR ANGER FOR *ME*, PARKER. SHE'S NOT, AS THEY SAY, "IN ON IT."

SPECIAL AGENT *TERESA DURAND* IS EVERYTHING SHE *SAYS*...UP TO A *POINT*. SHE BELIEVES THE FALSEHOODS WE'VE FED HER. BUT SHE'S *NOT* YOUR *KIN*.

NO! HE'S *LYING!* IT'S *RIGHT HERE!* THE *PHOTO!* THE--

FROM A DISTANCE, *MR. FRUMM* HERE HAS BEEN POPPING IN AND OUT OF MS. DURAND'S HEAD FOR *DAYS* NOW, LENDING HER A LOW LEVEL OF TELEPATHY *HERSELF.*

THE CONVINCING *INTIMACIES* SHE *KNOWS* OF THE PARKERS... THE COLOR OF YOUR FATHER'S EYES, THE CURVE OF YOUR MOTHER'S *SMILE*...SHE'S BEEN PULLING FROM *YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS...*

...AND YOU *BOTH* SEE WHAT WE *WISH* YOU TO SEE.

P-Please, Mr. Fisk... let me guh-*go*...

SO FAR, THE TWO OF YOU HAVE PLAYED ALONG *PERFECTLY.*

BECAUSE YOU WERE BEING "CHASED" BY AN ASSORTMENT OF AGENTS ALL ON *MY* PAYROLL, YOU WASTED NO *TIME* LEADING ME HERE, FOR WHICH I THANK YOU.

I NEVER WOULD HAVE ADMITTED THE *CHARADE* TO *PETER PARKER*. WERE HE TO LEARN TERESA'S SECRET TOO *SOON*, THERE WAS NO GUARANTEE SHE'D BE AN EFFECTIVE *HOSTAGE.*

BUT *SPIDER-MAN* WON'T LET *ANYONE* DIE. SO, I *REPEAT*...

KLAK KLAK KLAK KLAK KLAK

...OPEN THE *VAULT.*

I CAN TAKE YOU DOWN BEFORE THEY CAN PULL A SINGLE *TRIGGER.*

BUT CAN *SHE?* SHALL WE FIND OUT?

OKAY! YOU WIN! DO YOU HAVE THE *SLIGHTEST CLUE* WHAT YOU'RE ASKING ME TO UNLEASH, YOU ARROGANT LUNATIC?

IT DOESN'T *MATTER* TO YOU THAT ALL OF *CAIRO* COULD BE IN A *SLEEPER'S* PATH?

OF *COURSE* CAIRO MATTERS.

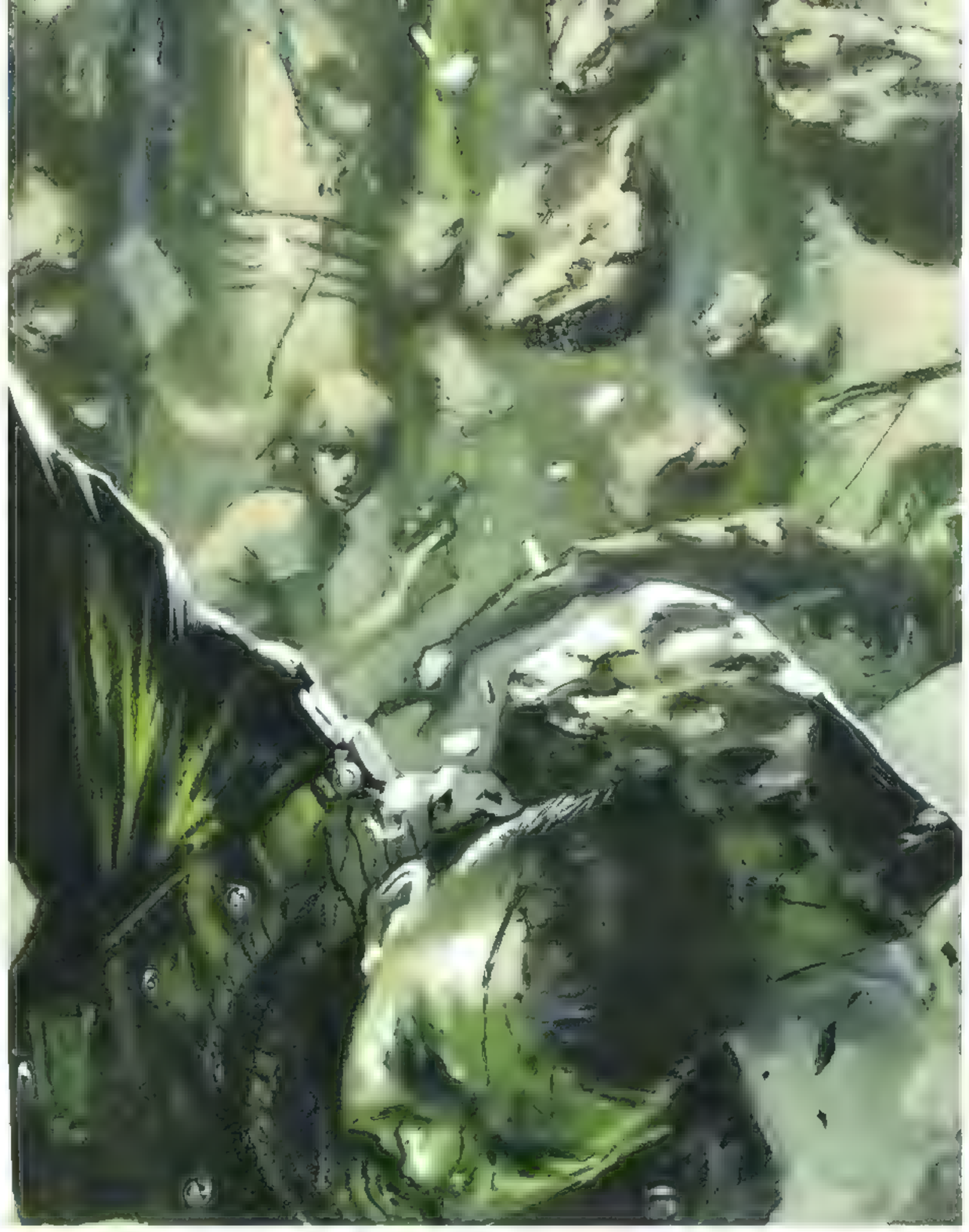
I'M COUNTING ON THEM TO DEAL WITH THE *SLEEPER* WHILE I TAKE THE *GOLD.*

PETER, DON'T.

YOU KNOW WHAT MUST BE NICE?

HAVING A *CHOICE* SOMETIMES.

IDENTITY CONFIRMED.



TERESA!

I'VE LOST HER--BUT HOPEFULLY THAT MEANS FATSO HAS, TOO.

SO I TAKE THE *CRAZY* OPTION. AGAIN:

WHAT CHOICE DO I *HAVE?*

"DEAR AUNT MAY, WISH YOU WERE HERE. THE WEATHER IN EGYPT IS LOVELY.

"AND THE *VIEW...!*"

NICE DANCING--

--BUT ACROBATICS ALONE WON'T STOP THIS THING.

I'M IN TROUBLE.

BIG TROUBLE.

WHY *FIGHT*, MY DEAR? YOU *NEED* ME!

WHO ELSE BUT *ME* CAN *PROTECT* YOU FROM BEING HUNTED, CAPTURED AND *TORTURED* BY EVERY CRIMINAL ON *EARTH*...

YOU'RE NOT WALKING AWAY FROM THIS, FISK!

...ONCE THEY HEAR THAT *YOU* KNOW *SPIDER-MAN'S TRUE IDENTITY?*

WEB FLUID'S RUNNING LOW ALREADY.

GOT TO FIND THE *NAVIGATION* CONTROLS, OR--

OH, HELLO, HANDSOME. FANCY MEETING YOU HERE.

NO IDEA WHY I'M BABBLING--I REALIZE THIS ISN'T A HUMAN THAT I'M WISECRACKING.

MAYBE IT'S FOR MY OWN BENEFIT. CAPTAIN AMERICA TACKLES THIS KIND OF THING ALL THE TIME, BUT WHEN I SEE NAZI DOOM-BOTS--I WON'T LIE...

...I FEEL *WAY* OUT OF MY ELEMENT.

OHHH. AND THIS CAN'T BE GOOD.

UHHH... HI! DO YOU KNOW MY TOASTER?

SWELL. HALF *DOC OCK*, HALF *SCORPION*, HALF *SPIDER-SLAYER*.

I HATE MATH!

WHAT *NOW?*

KLIK KLIK KLIK

DAMMIT!

I DO ENJOY MANIPULATING ORPHANS.

THEY'RE SO GULLIBLE.

SON OF A...

MORE *MERCS?* FROM *WHERE?*

AND WHY DO THEY LOOK *BLURRY--?*

GET OUT OF MY

HEAD!

KRAK

GUT IT *OUT*, PETE. EVERYONE'S *COUNTING* ON YOU!

COME ON!

GNAAAAAHH!

I'M NO *PILOT*, BUT I'VE LEARNED A THING OR TWO ABOUT *ROCKETRY* OVER THE YEARS.

GOTTA WEB UP THE RETROS--

--'CAUSE IF I DO, THIS THING WILL START TO...

RETRO ENGINES!

CAIRO'S ABOUT TO BE HISTORY.

HAVE TO FLIP THIS MONKEY AROUND.

YES! IT'S BANKING AWAY AS IT RECALIBRATES ITS TRAJECTORY!

MAN, STOP GIVING ME THE *GIANT ROBOT EYE!*

RATATATATATATAT TATATAT

THAT GIVES ME THE SECOND I *NEED--*

--TO GET *INSIDE* THIS BEHEMOTH!

NNNNGGH--!

LOOKS LIKE CAIRO'S ANOTHER NEIGHBORHOOD SPIDER-MAN GETS TO BE FRIENDLY IN.

TERESA! YOU OKAY? TERESA!

=GNNNGH!=

YOU VILE LITTLE *INSECT!*

YOU'VE BURIED THE GOLD EVEN *DEEPER!*

YOU'VE RUINED *EVERY-THING--*

--FOR THE *LAST TIME.*

THAP

THWAM

YOU CAN'T IMAGINE HOW MUCH I WISH THAT WERE *TRUE...*

...YOU REPULSIVE WASTE OF *CARBON.*

ALMOST *SPENT.* SPIDER-SENSE SCREAMS FOR ME TO GO *ANYWHERE* BUT *HERE,* BUT *TERESA--*

PARKER!

--ISN'T THE ONE ABOUT TO *DIE.*

STUPID. *STUPID.* I THOUGHT HE WAS CLOCKED!

OUT OF *WEBS.* TOO WEAK TO CLOSE THE *GAP* BEFORE--

K-KLAK

DROP IT, FAT MAN.

I SAID DROP IT!

NICE! OKAY, I'LL COVER HIM WHILE YOU--

WHILE I WHAT? LET HIM GO?

AFTER WHAT HE DID TO ME? HE CAN DIE!

NOT IN COLD BLOOD! HE'S NO THREAT! WE DON'T OPERATE LIKE THAT!

I'M NOT LIKE YOU!

YOU ARE AS FAR AS *I'M* CONCERNED.

BLAM!

GHAAAH!

I OFFERED TO LET YOU *SERVE* ME. YOU SHOULD HAVE *ACCEPTED.*

≠HKK-KK-K≠

...NO...

...No one should...

...EVER!

HNNN

FLUMM? ARE YOU--

OH, MAN.

HEY. TERESA. WAKE UP.

...WHAT?

SIS, IT'S OKAY. IT'S ME.

...WHO'S... "SIS"...?

...

WHO ARE YOU...?

BY THE TIME TERESA'S FULLY AWAKE AND THE AUTHORITIES ARRIVE, I'M ABLE TO BURY THE COSTUME AND RECLAIM MY STREET CLOTHES.

MENTALLO'S A DROOLING VEGETABLE. THE FEW SURVIVING MERCS DON'T EVEN REMEMBER THEIR *OWN* NAMES, MUCH LESS *MINE.*

SPIDER-MAN'S BIG SECRET IS *SAFE* AGAIN.

HOORAY.

ON THE FLIGHT HOME, WITH SOME CLUES FROM ME, TERESA'S ABLE TO RECONSTRUCT ENOUGH TO EXPLAIN EVERYTHING TO THE SATISFACTION OF HER SUPERIORS.

SOMEONE SAYS SOMETHING OR ANOTHER TO ME ABOUT A MEDAL. SERVICE TO MY COUNTRY. WHICH IS NICE, I GUESS...

...JUST NOT THE TAKEAWAY I'D COUNTED ON.

GOODBYE, MR. PARKER. I'M SURE YOUR PARENTS WOULD HAVE BEEN PROUD OF YOU.

I'M...HERE IF YOU EVER NEED ME.

WE'RE GOOD. YOU GO BACK TO YOUR *REGULAR LIFE* AND LEAVE THE SPYING TO *US.* AND THANKS AGAIN.

TAKE CARE, OKAY?

OUI.

AND AS FOR *FISK*, WE ASSUME HE'S BURIED SOMEWHERE IN THE RUBBLE.

I HOPE SO. BECAUSE THERE'S NO GUARANTEE HIS BRAIN WAS AS FRIED BY MENTALLO AS EVERYONE *ELSE'S* WAS, BUT...

FRUMM...

...NEED TO...INTRODUCE MYSELF...TO *FRUMM*...

...THERE'S *GOLD*...IN A *VAULT*...

...AND HE CAN HELP ME *GET* IT...

...I HAVE A *PLAN*...

...FINGERS *CROSSED*.

Epilogue.

WHAT'S THE MATTER, MARY?

I KNOW WHEN YOU'RE WORRIED. I JUST NEVER KNOW ABOUT *WHAT*. SPILL.

DNA ANALYSIS CONCLUDING...

I KNOW THAT LOOK. PETER'S ON YOUR MIND.

WHEN IS HE NOT?

I JUST WONDER SOMETIMES THAT...THAT HE WON'T UNDERSTAND SOME OF THE CHOICES WE'VE MADE.

OH, BABY...

LOOK, WE'RE NOT GOING TO BE IN THIS GAME FOREVER. WE'LL BE A FAMILY AGAIN SOMEDAY, I PROMISE YOU.

THE THREE PAR-*KEROS.*

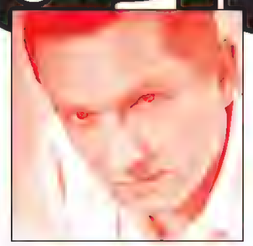
THREE, HUH?

KUH.

AND WHAT DO WE MAKE OF *THAT...?*

New York Times best-selling author **Mark Waid** has worked for every major company in the comics industry in a near three-decade career, writing thousands of issues including runs of *Amazing Spider-Man*, *X-Men*, *Ka-Zar* and *Fantastic Four.* His other works of note include his collaboration with painter Alex Ross, *Kingdom Come,* which earned an Eisner Award for Best Limited Series, and his long run on DC's *Flash.* He is enjoying great critical acclaim with the Eisner Award-winning *Daredevil.*

Biographies



British writer **James Robinson** is acclaimed for his runs on DC's *Starman*, *Justice Society of America* and *Superman*. For Marvel, he has scripted *Generation X*, *Fantastic Four* and *All-New Invaders*. He has written several feature-film screenplays – including the adaptation of the comic book *The League of Extraordinary Gentleman* – and directed *Comic Book Villain*s, which he also wrote.

Hailed as "an instant legend" by writer Brian Michael Bendis, Italian artist **Gabriele Dell'Otto** established his reputation in the European comic-book industry with a series of painted covers for Panini. Dell'Otto's stunning work caught Marvel's attention, leading to a career-making assignment on the blockbuster *Secret War.* Propelled by Dell'Otto's stunning, fully painted work, the series became an instant sell-out and earned the artist *Wizard* magazine's prestigious "Breakout Talent of the Year" award in 2004.

One of many Italian illustrators to find success in the United States in recent years, **Werther Dell'Edera** is quickly making his name as an artist capable of setting intense, simmering moods that can just as easily explode into unbelievable action. After drawing a run of the western comic *Loveless* at Vertigo, Dell'Edera came to Marvel, where he has worked with popular characters such as *Wolverine*, *Warpath* and *X-Force.*

Joe Caramagna has been a regular writer and letterer for Marvel since 2007, most known for his work on *Iron Man and the Armor Wars*, *Marvel Universe: Ultimate Spider-Man*, *Amazing Spider-Man*, *Daredevil* and more. He has also written *Batman* and *Supergirl* shorts for DC Comics, and a series of *Amazing Spider-Man* novels for young readers.

Designer and illustrator **Rian Hughes** began his career in the British music, advertising and fashion industries. His strips for *2000AD* and the short-lived *Revolver* with Grant Morrison and Mark Millar are collected in *Yesterday's Tomorrows* and *Tales from Beyond Science.* He has designed numerous logos, including *Batman and Robin*, *Batgirl* and *The Invisibles* for DC and *Iron Man*, *X-Men* and *Fantastic Four* for Marvel. Recent work includes writing and art for *Batman: Black and White.*

Behind the Scenes

Page 3

PAGE THREE

PANEL ONE: CLOSE-UP OF KINGPIN. SCOWLING MASTER OF MEN.

KINGPIN: By not lolling about in SELF-PITY, Mr. Flumm. Once I was HERE, where I was UNDERESTIMATED, considered HELPLESS, I did what I ALWAYS do:

KINGPIN: I observed those AROUND me. I exploited WEAKNESSES.

PANEL TWO/FLASHBACK: KINGPIN, CHAINED, SCOWLS AT AN OLDER, WHITE-COATED NORTH AFRICAN DOCTOR ON HIS ROUNDS, POPPING PILLS.

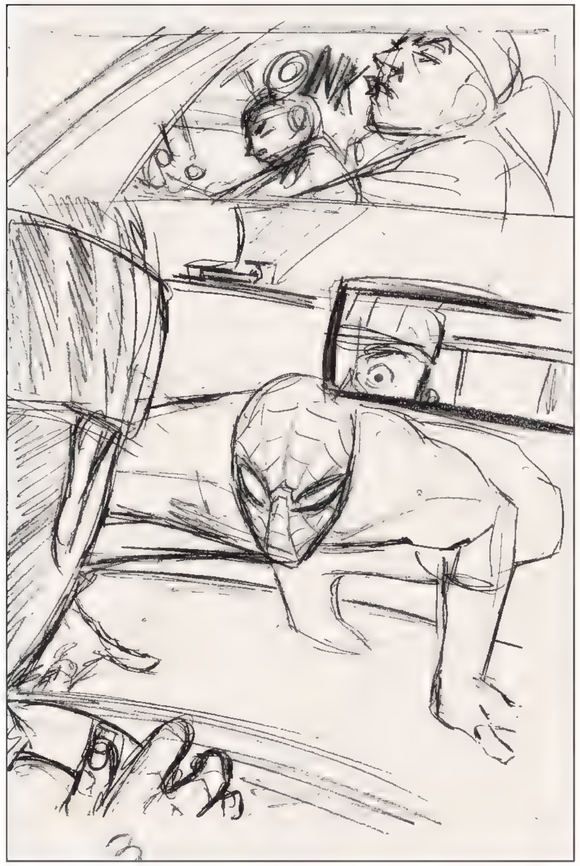
CAPTION: "I discovered the Chief Surgeon had a strong taste for a PRESCRIPTION NARCOTIC of reliable SUPPLY.

PANEL THREE/FLASHBACK: KINGPIN WRAPS HIS CHAINS AROUND THE THROAT OF A GUARD AND STARES INTO HIS EYES, LIKE A PREDATORY ANIMAN.

CAPTION: "So with some...COERCED ASSISTANCE...

PANEL FOUR/FLASHBACK: NIGHT. THE SAME GUARD SETS FIRE TO A TRUCK MARKED "ROXXON PHARMACEUTICALS."

CAPTION: "...I made that supply UNreliable...creating a demand that only I could fill."



Script, layout, final art

Page 14

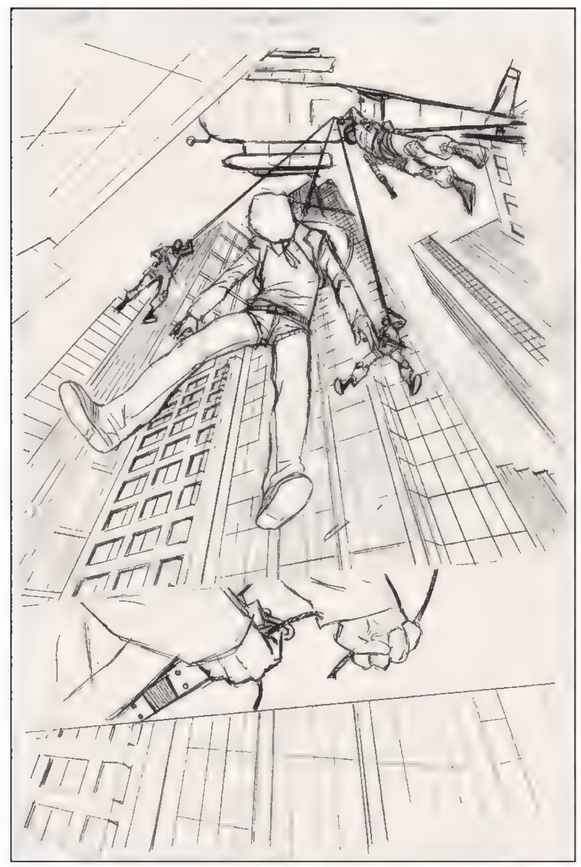
PAGE FOURTEEN

PANEL ONE/BIG: OUTSIDE. A SUPER-HIGH-TECH SILENT AIR TRANSPORT HOVERS IN THE AIR OUTSIDE PETE'S BUILDING, REELING PETE AND THE SOLDIERS TOWARDS IT!

PETER CAP: --maybe I should start taking this a little more SERIOUSLY.

PANEL TWO: TIGHT ON PETE'S HANDS BEHIND HIS BACK, SNAPPING THE ROPE.

SFX: whKSSH



Script, layout, final art

Page 17

PAGE SEVENTEEN

PANEL ONE: AS THE PURSUING AIRCRAFT OPENS FIRE ON THE FLEEING CONVERTIBLE, PETE GAPES/GETS HIS FIRST GOOD LOOK AT THE DRIVER--A BEAUTIFUL BROWN-HAIRED WOMAN ABOUT HIS AGE.

PETE: Not unless there's a JET ENGINE under the hood of this thing!

PETE: You KNOW me?

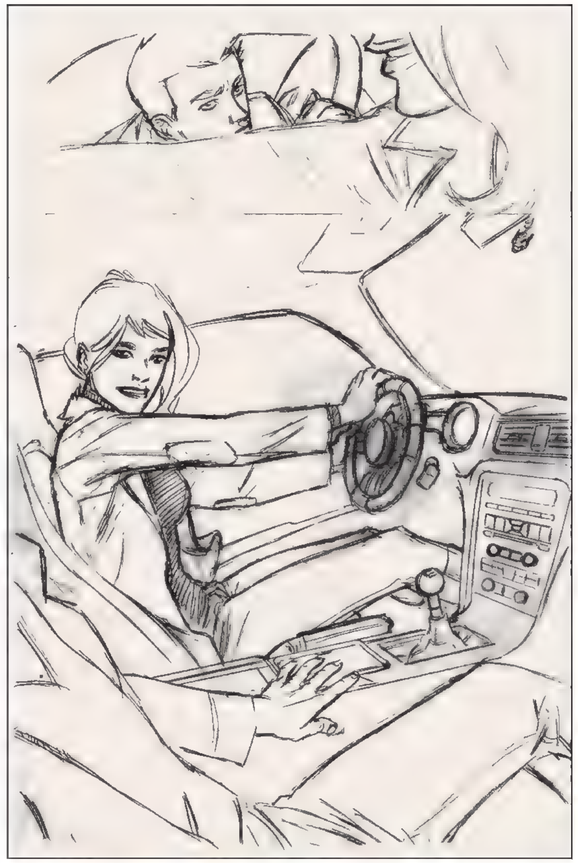
DRIVER: I've seen pictures.

PETER: Who ARE you?

DRIVER: My name is TERESA PARKER.

PANEL TWO, BIG: FOCUS ON THE DRIVER AS THE CAR ROARS DOWN THE STREET TOWARDS US, THE PURSUING AIRCRAFT STRAFING THE STREET WITH GUNFIRE! IF WE SEE PETE IN THIS SHOT, HE'S GAPING AT HER IN SHOCK.

DRIVER: I'm your SISTER.



Script, layout, final art

Page 31

PAGE THIRTY-ONE

PANEL ONE: WE LOOK AT THE SCENE FROM CYCLONE'S P.O.V. WE SEE--

SPIDEY SWINGING IN, WITH A WEB ATTACHED TO THE CEILING. HE IS COMING STRAIGHT AT US, FEET ABOVE HEAD, YOU KNOW HE DOES HE IS FIRING WEB TOWARDS US.

THE CROWD AROUND HIM (BELOW HIM, IF WE'RE LOOKING AT SPIDEY AND HE'S IN THE AIR SWINGING AT US) ARE LOOKING UP AT HIM AGHAST. SOME ARE RUNNING FROM THE SCENE, SOME ARE FROZEN ON THE SPOT. MAYBE THE CROWD ARE CROPPED AT THE TORSO, BY OUR P.O.V. BEING DIRECTLY ON SPIDEY HIGHER ABOVE THEM.

SOME OF THE CROWD ARE LOOKING STRAIGHT AT US WITH TERROR (THEY'RE LOOKING AT CYCLONE AND NOT SPIDEY.)

LET'S GIVE THIS PANEL MORE THAN HALF THE PAGE. MORE LIKE TWO THIRDS OF THE PAGE, JUST TO SHOW SPIDEY AND THE CROWD AND THE CASINO DÉCOR AROUND THEM BEFORE IT ALL GETS BLOWN AROUND.

PETER CAPTION: Forget the GUNMEN.

PETER CAPTION: Now someone's sending COSTUMES after the Parkers!

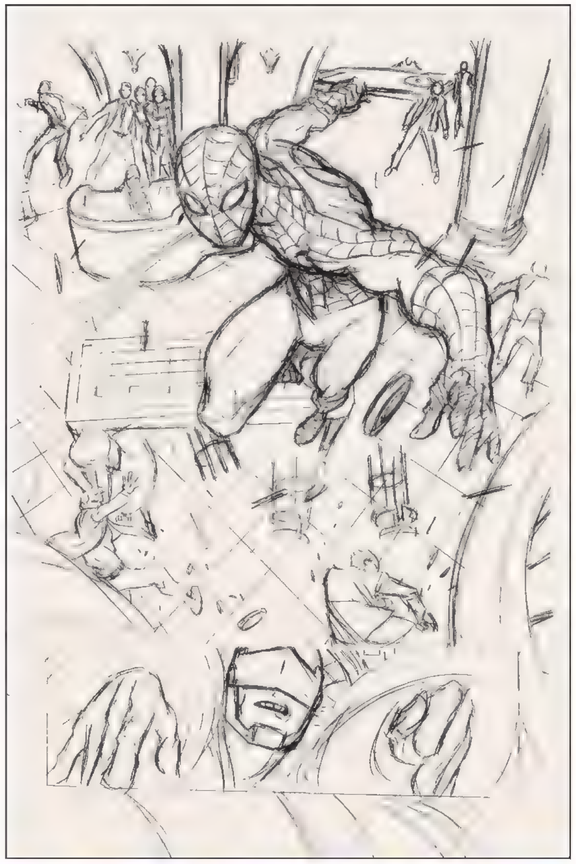
SPIDEY: Hey, Cyclone, where are your manners?

SPIDEY: Your folks never teach you not to break wind in a crowded room?

PANEL TWO: CYCLONE AIMS A TIGHT WIND-VORTEX RIGHT AT SPIDEY.

CYCLONE/small: No one mentioned SPIDER-MAN...

CYCLONE: Stay OUT of this, wall-crawler...for YOUR sake!



Script, layout, final art

Page 45

PAGE FORTY-FIVE.
PANEL ONE.
THIS IS A WIDE CINEMATIC SHOT OF EGYPT.
WE SEE THE CITY AS A SWEEPING PANORAMA. HAVE SOME "OLD CAIRO" IN IT TO MAKE IT VISUAL AND INTERNATIONAL BUT PUT IN A MODERN HOTEL IN THE MIDST OF IT (EVEN IF IT DOESN'T EXIST IN REALITY -- AT THE END OF THE DAY THIS IS A COMIC) SO THAT WE CAN TRACK IN PAST THE ORNATE/OLD TOWARDS THE MODERN HOTEL PENTHOUSE/ROOF PANEL BY PANEL.

CAPTION: Cairo.

MENTALLO: Can I go now?

PANEL TWO.
WE CLOSE IN ON THE HOTEL, BUT WE'RE STILL FAR ENOUGH OFF FROM IT, THAT THE PENTHOUSE ROOF/BALCONY (AND WHO'S ON IT, ISN'T TOO DISTINCT YET.)

MENTALLO: Mr. Fisk?

PANEL THREE.
WE NOW CLOSE IN TIGHTER ON THE HOTEL PENTHOUSE, SUCH THAT WE CAN NOW SEE MENTALLO AND FISK ON THE PENTHOUSE BALCONY/ROOF (BIG OPEN AREA -- LUXURIOUS), BUT THEY'RE STILL SMALL, SMALL IN SHOT FOR NOW.

FROM WHAT WE CAN SEE MENTALLO IS FURTHER BACK AWAY FROM THE BALCONY/ROOF RAILING WITH FISK CLOSE TO IT, LOOKING OUT AT THE CITY WITH HIS BACK TO MENTALLO.

MENTALLO: Mr. Fisk, I've done all you asked of me, and my head won't stop hurting, so I repeat...

PANEL FOUR.
WE'RE NOW IN THE AIR, FACING THE PENTHOUSE BALCONY/ROOF. FISK IS STANDING THERE TO ONE SIDE OF PANEL, FACING US, LOOKING OUT AT THE CITY.

MENTALLO IS TO THE OTHER SIDE OF PANEL, FURTHER FROM US, FACING US TOO AS HE LOOKS AT THE BACK OF FISK'S HEAD.

MENTALLO: ...May I please go?

KINGPIN: I have always prided myself on never punishing well-thought, honest question, Mr. Frumm.

PANEL FIVE.
SIDE-ON MED SHOT/PROFILE SHOT OF KINGPIN STILL LOOKING OFF PANEL AT THE CITY, STILL TREATING MENTALLO AS A MINOR INCONVENIENCE.

KINGPIN: That is not one.

PANEL SIX.
TIGHTER CU OF KINGPIN, FACING HIM AS HE LOOKS OUT AT THE CITY. HE'S BASICALLY LOOKING AT US IN THE FACE.

KINGPIN: Be thankful I still need your head attached to your SPINE.

Script, layout, final art

Page 56

PAGE FIFTY-SIX.
PANEL ONE.
EGYPT. A SMALL AIRPORT RUNWAY. TERESA'S JET IN MIDGROUND, PYRAMIDS IN BACKGROUND. ON THE RUNWAY, OFF THE PLANE, TERESA AND PETER TAKE POSSESSION OF A WAITING JEEP FROM A SALUTING SOLDIER. WHATEVER PETER'S WEARING, IT HAS LONG SLEEVES AND LONG PANTS.

PETER CAP: So the flight to Egypt is anything but boring. Teresa has a million questions.

PETER CAP: But also a change of clothes.

PANEL TWO
TERESA: Thank you for losing the costume.

PETER: What was LEFT of it smelled like a barbecue gone horribly wrong. Not much point in hanging on, but that leaves Spidey OUT of the rest of this mission.

PANEL THREE.
TERESA/off: Not necessarily.

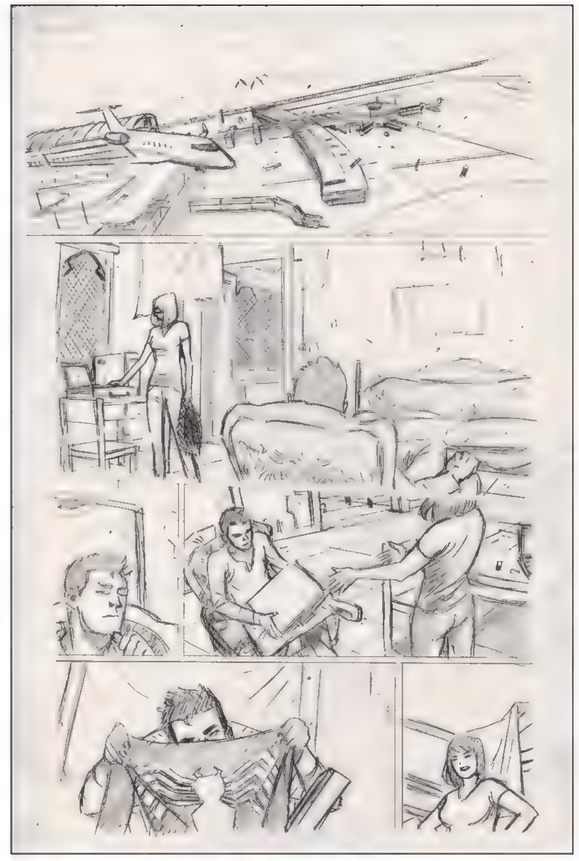
PANEL FOUR
TERESA: I had my people whip up a little something. They didn't ask why or for who, I didn't say.

TERESA: We had to make do with materials at hand, and I guessed at the size, but...

PANEL SIX.
AS THEY RIDE INTO THE DESERT, PETE HOLDS UP HIS BLACK SPIDER-MAN COSTUME.

TERESA: ...you're back in black.

PETER: Cool.



Script, layout, final art

Page 80

PAGE EIGHTY.
PANEL ONE.
KINGPIN, MERCS AND TERESA ARE ALL FELLED BY THE IMPACT OF THE NEARBY CRASH!

PANEL TWO.
GROANING, HIS COSTUME TORN IN PLACES, A LITTLE BLOODY, SPIDEY CRAWLS FROM THE WRECKAGE.

SPIDEY: =nnNNGGH--!=

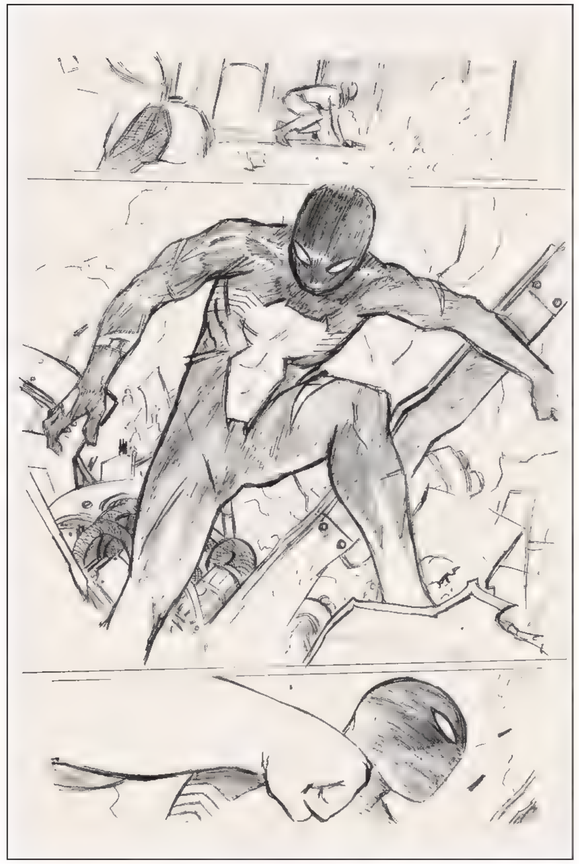
PETER CAP: Looks like Cairo's another neighborhood SPIDER-MAN gets to be friendly in.

PETER CAP: Hope they put that on my TOMBSTONE, because I'm not sure I'm walking AWAY from this one.

SPIDEY/burst: TERESA! YOU OKAY? TERESA!

PANEL THREE.
BAM! SPIDEY'S SUCKER-PUNCHED FROM BEHIND BY KINGPIN!

SPIDEY/burst: =GNNNGH!=



Script, layout, final art

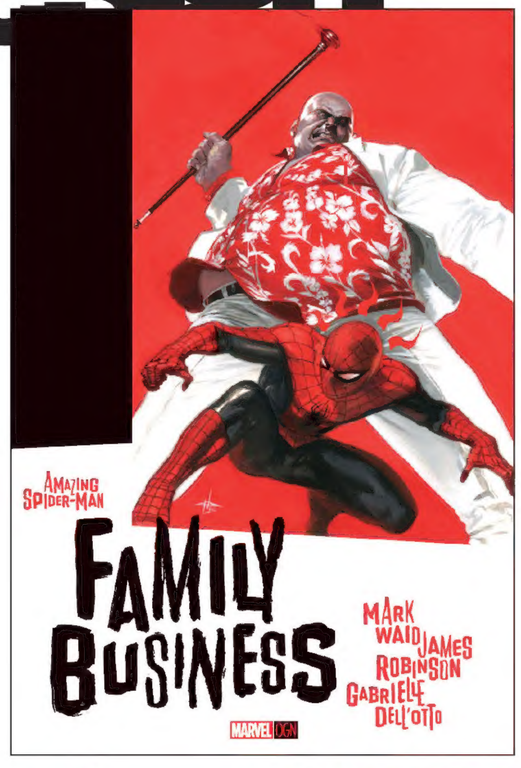
Page 81

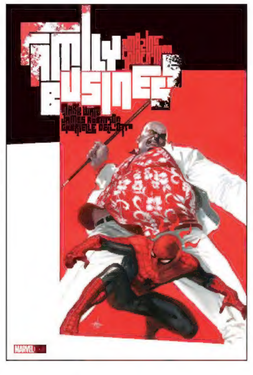
PAGE EIGHTY-ONE
PANELS.
HOWEVER YOU FEEL LIKE CHOREOGRAPHING IT--KINGPIN BEATS ON WEAKENED SPIDEY UNTIL SPIDEY MANAGES TO KICK HIM INTO THE GIANT HOLE IN THE GROUND LEFT BY THE SLEEPER. KINGPIN FALLS.

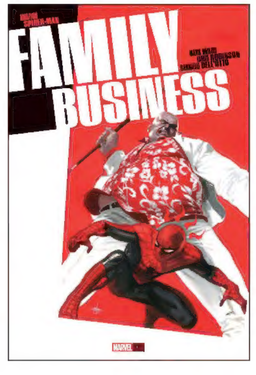
[Banter to come]

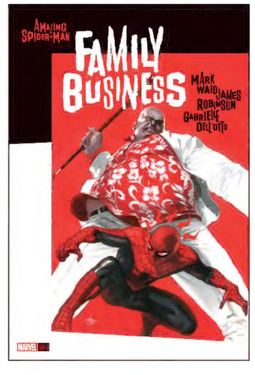
Script, layout, final art

Cover design









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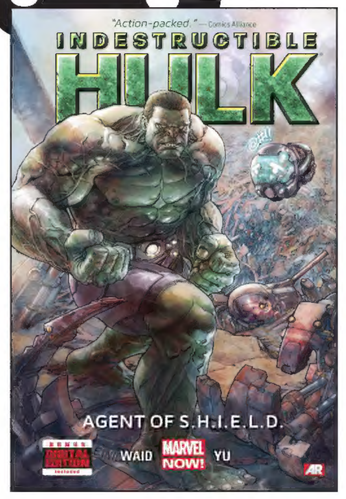

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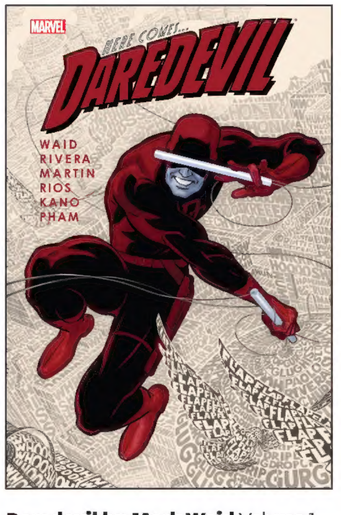

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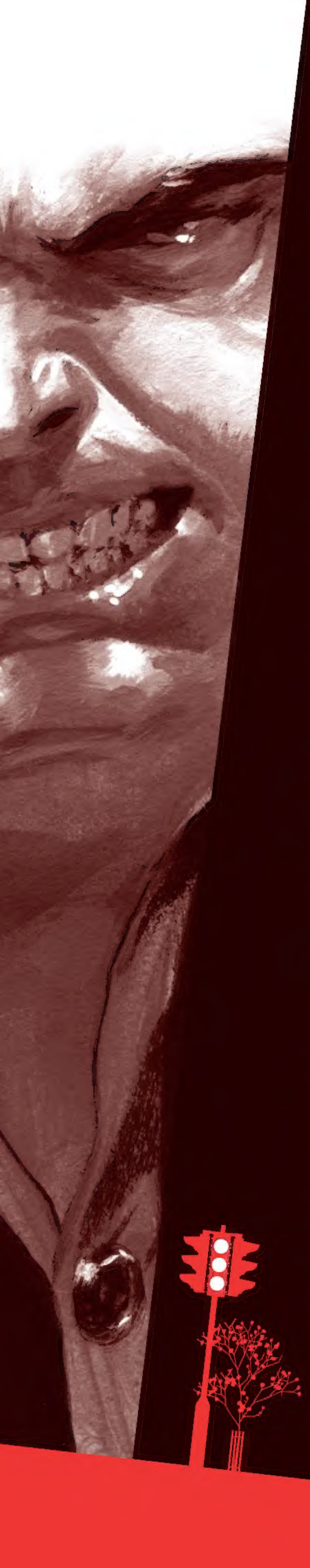

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